

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

The "Fashionable Intelligence" Column of the Newspapers—How "Jenkins" Is Paid for His Work—Gotham's Various Circles—The People.

["Joe Howard" in Philadelphia Press.] In the first place, in a metropolis of this kind there is no such thing as "society," proper. New York is divided into scores of circles, and I defy the most careful observer of current events, extending over a period of any specified ten years, to tell me who are in "society."

I can find in some of our daily papers, and in nearly all our weekly journals, under the heading of "Fashionable Intelligence" and under the heading of "Society News," the most minute details of wedding breakfasts, of social parties, of dinners and of suppers, showing clearly that they must have been informed, either by the host, seeking to make himself conspicuous in the public eye, or by some busybody of a guest, reckless of the courtesies and proprieties of life. There is one estimable, mild-mannered gentleman here who, to my certain knowledge, is paid the enormous sum of \$5 per week by the proprietors of a society journal, to which he furnishes, week in and week out, from five to ten columns of gossip of the most private details of people "in society."

He announces engagements, describes costumes from the greatest article to the most minute detail, gives lists of invited guests, furnishes lists of presents made, who gave them, often where they were purchased and how much they cost, and during the ball and party season absolutely revels in a wealth of description, requiring a most industrious pen. For this he receives from the proprietors of the paper \$5 a week, and I have reason to believe he wouldn't exchange his position for one which would assure him an income of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per annum. Society pays well. We have a rich, vulgar circle and a poor old family circle, and in every large congregation the entire Christian membership is divided and sub-divided. Kindly inform me what society is in the city of New York. Is it represented by the gentlemen who pay for boxes in the Academy of Music—brokers, expressmen, clothing dealers, newspaper editors, theatrical managers, rail-road magnates, pawnbrokers, lawyers, doctors, faro bankers and lively stable keepers?

When Oscar Wilde first came here an endeavor was made to get him into society. One family, whose name I don't recall, gave him a reception, at which, as in the great sheet let down before the wondering eyes of a spectacle from the four corners of the heavens, were gathered all manners and all conditions of human nature. Little by little Mr. Wilde passed through all the various phases of social life in this city, until he could be found any day, and almost any evening, in congenial restaurants with Mr. Sam Ward, or in a heated theatre box with his manager, Mr. Moore. Like the endeavor with Bernard, the endeavor with Wilde was a signal failure. Each of these went here and went there, but they found it difficult to penetrate the various circles of New York life which go to constitute what I suppose is "society."

Really I should be puzzled to define the term "society," as applied to any portion of New York's inhabitants. The city abounds in comfortable and happy homes, where respectable men, with money enough for the comforts and luxuries of life, live charming annual expenditures of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, in which reside and happily live merchants, brokers and other gentlemen, and there are also, as I have repeatedly chronicled in my correspondence, very, very many magnificent residences fitly called palaces, in some of which live honest, intelligent people, living reputable and domestic lives, while in many others there are scheming, blackguardly, liars and thieves, who flatter upon the misfortunes of their fellows, and flaunt their wealth unceasingly in the face of their poorer, but better fellow citizens. Then there are hundreds of thousands of people here who live domestically and quietly—church people, temperance people, modest in their ambition.

Created a Panic.

[Chronicle "Undertones."] I think most people really mean to be honest, but they can't help lying. I have known an honest man to create a panic in a crowd of fashionable society for inadvertently forgetting his conventional manducation.

"You sang divinely."

"Charming."

"Don't you think she is a lovely singer?"

Those were the remarks made to and about Miss Jones, as she laid down the music and went back to her seat. The last gentleman who greets her has heard them not. He says in a loud voice:

"I am so sorry, Miss Jones, you have such a bad cold!"

And she has, but nobody else has been honest enough to notice it. Miss Jones is not grateful, the company feels small, and the speaker wonders why they all look at him.

Bermuda for Invalids.

[Croft's Letter.]

As a spot for invalids I am afraid Bermuda has been overrated. No consumptive should come here unless he wishes to die. There is, of course, no malaria here, and the ailments that thrive on malaria are unknown. Rheumatism and neuralgia, and gouty people sometimes improve here, if they are lucky, and Gen. Hastings informs me that it is the best place on earth for all people troubled with insomnia and nervous diseases. But Bermuda is especially the spot for well folks—for people who are hardy and delight in charming scenery of every sort, or for the overworked who wish to rest in the bland smile of eternal summer. That's the kind of folks who should come to Bermuda.

What Parents Fear.

Many persons—especially parents—object to many kinds of nostrums as likely to engender or encourage a love for strong drink. They are right. Better die of disease than of drunkenness. The use of Parker's Tonic does not involve this danger. It not only builds up the system, curing all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys, but it stimulates without intoxicating and absolutely cures the appetite for liquor.

## THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story.

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

### CHAPTER VI.

"Still may thy spirit dwell on mine And teach it what to brave or brook. There's more in one soft word of thine, Than in the world's deftest rebuke." —Byron.

It was a bright morning in the last of April. One of those soft days when to live is a luxury. After the barrenness of winter, how glorious the warm sun, how grateful to the eye is the change from drab colored earth and leaden sky to the tender, green dress which nature has donned. Every breeze which comes to your nostrils is laden with perfume. The bees are busy with the hedge-flowers; violets peep coyly but gladly from under their leaves as if they would say, "I am here, don't you see me! and so is spring. Look! I have the color of her skies, the dainty suggestiveness of her nature, the perfume of her breath, we will go away together, she and I, for you will forget us both when summer comes and gorgeous flowers bloom."

On this morning Dr. Cligney was riding along in the direction of his mill, a man was to meet him there and look at it with a view to renting it, and after an early breakfast the Dr. had set out on his little, fat, white horse, Jackey. Jackey was out of humor and didn't want to go, the unfinished breakfast of corn and oats which he had left in his trough was of far more value to him than all the colors of earth and sky. He flitted from one side of the road to the other and looked into every fence corner for something to scare at. Presently his search was rewarded, a rabbit sprang up from the side of the road and ran directly in front of him and almost under his feet. Jackey was thoroughly frightened now and springing back and squatting on his haunches, threw his rider over his head, and the Doctor's head striking a stone, he didn't get up but lay quite still. When Jackey got over his fright he wondered why his master didn't get up; so he went to him and put his nose against his face. There was a red spot on the side of the Doctor's head which got larger and ran down the side of his face and soaked his collar red, blood. Jackey snorted, lifted his head and whinnied loudly, then started off down the road at a trot.

Edward, coming up the road on his way to school, his mind divided between his lesson in ethics, Julia Darleagh and the beauty of the morning, met Jackey, called to him coaxingly, then went up to him and took hold of his bridle. "Now you've been up to some badness, I'll venture, what have you done, run away?" he said rubbing Jackey's nose, "come along my new friend, let's go back together and see about it."

They hadn't far to go before they came to where the Doctor lay very still at the side of the road. Hitting Jackey to the fence, Edward ran to the Doctor and kneeling down by his side saw that he was quite insensible and that the blood was slowly oozing from the spot on his head. Running down to a stream near, he filled his light straw hat with water and bathed the man's face and head, looking up and down the road, in hopes that some one would come along and assist him.

"This is your work," he said to Jackey, who had turned his head and was intently watching him, "what shall I ever do? I can't leave him!"

But just in the midst of his distress the Doctor slowly opened his eyes, closed them a moment as if trying to recollect, then with an effort rose to a sitting posture and stared at the frightened and confused Edward.

From Edward, his eyes wandered to Jackey, then at the road, then at himself.

"Ah," he said passing his hand over his brow, "Jackey threw me, who are you boy?" turning suddenly to Edward, who had sat all this time going through an imaginary hand-washing and staring at the Doctor as if he expected him to close his eyes and go off again.

"Edward Graham, sir!" starting and coloring under those sharp eyes which continued to look at him as if they expected to find treason there. But there was no trait of treason in those mild, blue eyes that looked so candidly into his. He was sitting on the ground just in front of the Doctor, his wet hat in one hand, the wind lifting and throwing back from his brow the short flaxen curls, his face one of almost childish innocence and sweetness.

The survey ended in "umph," from the Doctor, but his eyes were softened and so were his tones when he asked:

"Where do you live?"

Edward pointed to his home and then having gotten over his fright he grew quite talkative and told the Doctor that his mother was a widow with only two children, that his brother was at a law school in Lexington, that he himself went to the school at Danville, and was on his way there when he met Jackey and afterwards found him, the Doctor.

"But how do you feel?" he asked.

"Not well," said the Doctor, raising as he spoke. "I haven't been feeling well for several days, I think I shall go home. My head feels strangely."

Then he thanked Edward, who picked up his books to go to school, but when he saw the weak way in which the Doctor moved and how pale and ill he looked, he begged him to let him see him safely home and on him consenting walked by his side, chatting merrily as they went.

The Doctor was even more ill than he had imagined, for when he tried to get off his horse at his own door, he would have fallen if Edward had not supported him.

In answer to Edward's hurried knock a window was pushed up and Stephens' face was poked out, withdrawn and the sound of hurried footsteps and the door was opened.

She was terribly alarmed at seeing her master come home so pale and sick and not a little surprised at the sight of Edward.

"No questions Stephens," said the Doctor, with a wave of his hand, completely silencing the woman, "fix my bed, I must lie down, then tell Moore to take my horse and go to the mill and tell Smith I cannot see him to-day—to-morrow."

Edward assisted him to bed, and asking Stephens for warm water and bandages, he bathed the Doctor's face and head, bandaging the sore as well as a physician, then administered a dose of chloral from a little vial which Stephens brought from the press to relieve the Doctor's head which he complained ached dreadfully.

"I can't think why master allows that boy to work with him," said Stephens to herself as she watched Edward's every movement, "it's the first time he ever allowed any one but me." "What a nice boy he seems though, gentle as a girl and so handsome, real pretty I should say."

The Doctor seemed to be asleep, any way he lay very still with closed eyes. Edward had a little talk with Stephens, gratified her curiosity by telling her all about the accident, then what he thought she ought to do when her master awakened, closed the blinds, shutting off the glare of light from the sleeper's face.

"I must go home now, mother thinks me at school, but I will come over in the morning and see how he is. Good bye Stephens," he said, holding out his hand, "if in the meantime you should want anything come or send to us." Then he went away.

Stephens stood in the door looking after him until he was out of sight and then returned to her master. He was lying as he had left him, on his back, one arm thrown over his head, the other on the dark coverlet, revealing a slim hand with fingers that tapered, and a gracefully turned wrist. Not the hand of a laborer or son of a laborer but belonging to that class of non-workers, too commonly called aristocrats.

The Doctor lay still upon the pillows, had even cut features and so pale that in the dim light it did not seem unlike a face of marble. Stephens went about her duties on tip toe and when they were completed took her seat at the foot of the bed where she seemed to be a part of the heavy drapery. And there she sat scarcely moving while the form on the bed never stirred. The sun went down, it's long golden lances touching, for a little while, the sleeper's brow, then twilight and night, and still he did not move.

Stephens lighted the lamp, stirred the fire and resumed her seat. Seven, eight, nine, the hours wore on. Dr. Cligney stirred slightly, then opened his eyes, burning eyes, like lamps set in his white face.

"Do you want anything master?" said the woman, coming from the foot of the bed and standing at his side. He didn't know her at first but looked at her in surprise and displeasure.

"What are you doing here?" he asked "and what do you want?" "Why don't you go away?"

"Why don't you know Stephens, master? your old servant? I've been sitting here waiting for you to wake."

"Ah," said the old man, "it is you, is it Stephens? where is the boy?"

"He went away hours ago but says he will be back in the morning."

"Why did he go away?" asked the Doctor in an excited way.

Stephens tried to explain that his widowed mother would be alone without him but the man would not be convinced.

"I don't see why he left," he cried, "he knew that I wanted and needed him. You didn't drive him off, now did you Stephens?"

"No master, of course not. He is coming now, very soon, just in a little while," said Stephens soothingly, for she saw that she must humor his whim, whatever it was.

The old man was growing greatly excited, the pallor of his countenance had given place to a deep flush, his eyes were restless and bright.

Stephens went to a press and poured out some soothing cordial and brought it to the bedside. "The little boy said you were to take it master," when he turned his head off fretfully. He was not restless after this, but continued to mutter about things in an unconnected way, many of them unknown to the watcher.

He seemed to have gone back to his youth for he talked of his old home, of his schoolmates at the University, his studies. He fancied himself the gay, dashing young man that he was when Stephens' son was his valet, gave him some order about arranging his room, told him to bring him a rose from the florists and see that his dancing-shoes were ready. And later he talked

of the woman he had loved, spoke her name with infinite tenderness in one moment, cursed her in the next. He had wealth enough he told her, she should have everything she wished, they would go away and be happy together, he would not have to work so hard any more, he would rest a little now, he had been so unhappy without her, he wanted never to leave her again, never, never. Then wails of such anguish that would make Stephens spring from her seat and wring her hands, but in almost one moment this would change to bitter anathemas. Then after an interval he spoke of business, stocks and bonds and mills to be rented and got Edward's name mixed up in it all, and spoke his name with a tenderness which Stephens had not heard in his voice for many years.

The gray morning stealing in through the windows, found him thus, still wandering amid the scenes of his youth; and Stephens, full of agonizing suspense, where she had been all the night, wide-eyed and sleepless, watching.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HORSEMEN AND HORSES.

By a Fancier.

—The Louisville races closed yesterday and the Latonia meeting commences to-morrow.

—The first, second and third horses in the Derby are all three grandsons of Imp. Phaeton.

—Mr. E. W. Hopper, formerly of Lancaster, is the Secretary of the Latonia club since the death of that most popular and clever gentleman, Mr. E. D. Lawrence. Mr. Hopper is starting in the right course to win equal favor.

—Among the horsemen on the track no one could fail to appreciate the deserved popularity of Col. J. W. Guest. When it was known he had sustained the loss of his fine filly a murmur of sincere regret was echoed from man to man.

—The son of Imp. Phaeton have so far this season outclassed the sons of Imp. Lexington as sires. In Lexington's 3 year-old it was to the reverse; but Lexington, whose sire, Longfellow, is a son of Lexington, is out of a daughter of Phaeton.

—At Louisville one of the oldest and best trainers on the turf assured the writer that had not Bootblack (Mr. Young's 3 year-old) gotten lame, such things have never been seen on the track as he would have done. He is a son of King Alfonso, out of Young's wonderful mare, Beatitude, by Imp. Bonnie Scotland.

—Mr. S. H. Baughman, of Stanford, bought last week of Mr. John Buchanan, of Crab Orchard, the bay mare, Cousin Jude, by Bacon dam by Roger Hanson. Al so bay filly, 5 years old, by Bay Dick, dam Cousin Jude, by Bacon. Both are in foal to St. Martin and will be bred back when foals are dropped.

—Of the large stakes to be run for at Latonia, to attempt a prediction of the winner of either, or of the most of them, would be mere guess work, so close together are the great colts Citron, Biersan, Ten Booker, Troubadour, Fremant and Irish Pat, while close following are several that are but slightly outclassed by the foregoing. But Young's great 2 year-old, Bankrupt, has no equal and will, barring accident, capture all the 2-year-old stakes for which he is entered. Bankrupt is by Spendthrift, who is full brother to Fellowcraft, by Imp. Australian. Spendthrift's dam is Aerolite, sister to Idlewild, by Lexington. To follow this blood Capt. Moore left off Steamboating.

—A communitarian celebration at Paris ended in a bloody riot.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." For sale by Penny & McAllister.

McROBERTS & STAGG, the Druggists, who are always looking after the interest of their customers, have now secured the sale of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, a remedy that never fails to cure Colds, Pains in the Chest, and all Lung Affections. For proof Coughs, try a free sample bottle. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

## TRY IT YOURSELF.

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to try the article yourself. McRoberts & Stagg, the Druggists, have a free trial bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for each and every one who is afflicted with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption or any Lung Affection.

## Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 119 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching and affecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

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W. P. WALTON.

THE appointment of Hon. R. M. T. Hunter to be Collector of Customs for the Rappahannock district of Virginia, a position which pays about \$1,250 a year, shows what vicissitudes a man may pass through when once he enters politics. The writer can remember when he had but to speak and all Virginia would rise up and do him honor. For years he was a member of Congress in which he rose to the position of Speaker. Afterwards he served in the Senate of the U. S., for fourteen years, from which he was expelled for participation in the rebellion. Of his subsequent history a Washington correspondent says: "He was Secretary of State of the Confederacy and a member of the Confederate Senate. He was afterwards elected Treasurer of the State of Virginia, which office he held until about 1880, since which time he has been living in retirement on his small farm in Essex county. He is about 70 years of age. In 1860 he was a candidate for the Presidency before the Charleston Convention. Mr. Hunter was very much impoverished by the war and was appointed to the office on his own application."

WITH Senator Beck, Senator Blackburn, Speaker Carlisle, Gov. Knott and over half of the Congressional delegation, besides numerous outside influences against him, Judge John Cripps Wickliffe, of Nelson county, has been commissioned by President Cleveland to be District Attorney for the State of Kentucky and the appointment like all yet made will be received with general satisfaction. The Judge is a son of Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe and is 55 years of age. He was a Col. in the Confederate Army and after the war was elected Circuit Judge of his district for two consecutive terms, during which he made a wide reputation as an able jurist.

REFERRING to some fulsome eulogy of that gentleman, the Louisville Times sizes up the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks in the following correct style: Hendricks sulked in '76 because he was not at the head of the ticket. Toward Mr. McDonald in 1880 he acted the dog in the manger, and in 1884 he played an even less honorable part toward that gentleman. The only "future possibility" in store for Mr. Hendricks is contingent upon the early demise of a much younger and stronger man than him whose greatness sheds a lurid light upon the Hoosier cheek.

THE New York World says that there is comparatively no demand for the new revision of the old testament and adds that the greater cost of the book, the absence of curiosity and above all the fact that the revision is not called for, is not wanted, will not be popular, and will not supersede the revered and accepted King James version, will confine the circulation of the new book to the libraries of clergymen and scholars who may want it for reference and comparison with the generally accepted version.

THE proceedings of the democratic convention, nominating Maj. F. D. Rigney to be the candidate of the party for the State Senate in the 18th district, appears elsewhere in this paper. The nomination was practically unanimous, a compliment that the Major and his friends thoroughly appreciate and an endorsement by the people of the statement made by the Frankfort Capital that "the Senate had no better nor more attentive and industrious member last winter than Senator Rigney."

SENATOR VEST, of Missouri, says "d—n the newspapers," but the newspapers seem to be damning him at present in a way he dislikes. When you hear a man talk like Vest does, he has been doing something he ought not to have done and dreads the consequences of an exposure by the "d—n newspapers." We'll venture that he would have never been known outside his own barn yard had not the newspapers helped him into notoriety.

THE State Press will regret to learn that the brilliant Capt. T. C. Tracie, of the New Argus, is seriously ill of a brain trouble and unite in wishing for him a speedy recovery.

#### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—W. T. Bishop has been appointed Collector for the district of Cincinnati.

—Victor Hugo, the great novelist and poet, died in France Friday, aged 83.

—In Sioux City, Ia., the liquor license is \$1,000, yet eleven saloons pay it and make money.

—Secretary Manning dismissed a Treasury Department employe because of his failure to meet his just debts.

—The fifteenth annual meeting of the Kentucky State Dental Association will be held in Louisville on June 2.

—Hon. W. C. Owens has been nominated without opposition for a fourth term in the Legislature from Scott county.

—Gen. Middleton's army, having suppressed the Riel rebellion in Manitoba, has received orders to return to Canada.

—The national commercial convention, in session at Atlanta, rejected a resolution that silver coinage is necessary to the interests of the country.

—The Pension Bureau employs about 4,000 people at a salary amounting to over \$1,000,000 per annum, exclusive of agents and examining surgeons.

—The report of Adj. Gen. Castleman on the Rowan-county troubles has been published. He says there has been no compromise with crime. The county officials of Rowan county and the lawless citizens of that county must be investigated and punished by the District Court.

—Simpson Trussie, known as "the Clark county giant," died a few days since at Irvine, Estill county. He was 6 feet 11 inches tall, and weighed about 300 pounds.

—The imitator of Sam Patch shared his fate a few days ago. Prof. Odium jumped from the Brooklyn bridge in an advertising scheme and got worked up into sausage meat.

—John Scott, General Manager of the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railroad Company, has resigned, to take effect June 1. His successor has not been designated.

—Wade E. Hampton was sentenced in the Federal Court, at Des Moines, Ia., to one year in the Page county jail for robbing registered letters. He is a nephew of Senator Wade Hampton.

—Andrew Johnson, the desperado who killed Josiah Hoskins and his ten-year-old daughter and Thomas Napper, of Bell county, a few days ago, has surrendered to the local authorities.

—The attempt to escape from the New Orleans prison and release 300 prisoners was betrayed by Pat Ford, who is under sentence of death for the Murphy murder. The act may save his neck.

—Plowmen in parts of Illinois are turning seventeen-year locusts out of the ground by countless thousands, and in an almost matured state. Locusts have also appeared in large numbers in Northern Georgia.

—Official reports show that there have been 905 cases of typhoid fever at Plymouth, Pa. In the past two weeks there were 55 deaths, 850 cases remaining, many of a critical condition. Destitute families receiving aid, 246. The best authorities attribute the scourge to the use of polluted water.

—A careless boy with a can of benzine set the Sullivan printing establishment in Cincinnati afire which besides the loss of a great deal of property, caused the deaths of 20 persons some of whom were burned to death and others killed by jumping from the windows. Most of the killed were women.

#### RELIGIOUS.

—The meeting at Junction City conducted by Revs. Hale and Holtzclaw has resulted in 44 additions and increasing interest.

—Rev. Dr. Doak objects to the new revision because it will be awkward for the parrot to say of his picnic with the monkey, "we have been having a school of a time."—[Lou. Times.]

—Eld. J. G. Livingston desires us to say that there will be a mass meeting of all the Christian churches of the county at Goshen, commencing Thursday night and lasting over Sunday.

—Rev. Mr. Meisenheimer, of Covington, has been holding a series of meetings at the Methodist church in this place for a week with a crowded house, and will continue several days longer. Thirty additions.—[Richmond Register.]

—Rev. Morris Evans, a great favorite here, preached two excellent sermons at the Methodist church Sunday. At the night service Miss Eldridge sang a couple of solos in her own captivating way which were highly complimented by all who heard them.

—Rev. A. S. Moffett closed his meeting in Crab Orchard Sunday night. Thirty-eight were added to the membership of the new Presbyterian church to be built there in the near future and six joined other churches, making a total of 44 conversions during the meeting.

#### A Prolific Inventor.

[Exchange.]

The largest number of patents received from the United States patent office in one week by one person was issued recently to a Cincinnati gentleman. The financial clerk of the patent office says the final fees \$530, for twenty-six patents paid by him, is the largest amount for this purpose ever paid into the office at one time.

#### The Russian Navy.

[Exchange.]

The archduke Alexis is credited with bringing the Russian navy up to a high state of efficiency. The Vassische Zeitung says Russia aims to become the second naval power and has already made rapid strides in that direction. She has fine fleets in the Baltic and the Black sea and a large flotilla on her Siberian coast.

#### A Hint to Justice.

[Chicago Herald.]

In a Missouri court some time ago an illiterate person was sentenced to jail till he could learn to write, and another was sentenced till he could teach the former the art. In a little over three weeks the prisoner reappeared, able to write a fair letter at dictation, and both men were discharged.

Fan-making has been one of the leading industries of Japan for over 1,000 years.

#### Gain in Colored Population.

[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.]

This is the way the increase of the negroes is accounted for. A given number of whites have six children born to them in a year, of whom two die before reaching the age of self-support. The same number of negroes, it is said, will have ten children born in a year, and lose five before they reach the age of self-support. The negroes thus lose two and a half times as many children as the whites, and yet gain upon them in the census figures.

#### Paris and London.

[Exchange.]

Professor de Chaumont remarked recently that in London the streets were filthy and the sewers abominable, but the houses were the perfection of cleanliness; whereas in Paris one might give a dinner party in the sewers, and the streets were perfectly clean, but the houses were abominably filthy.

## GEO. O. BARNES.

A Charming Description of His Surroundings in India.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, April 12, 1885.

I will not inflict upon you a lot of "old" memories unrelieved by "things new" from the India treasure house. So I will close this, by getting somewhat nearer than Paris, and bringing up our little current history to date. We have just heard of the first blood being drawn between Russia and Afghanistan, which everybody thinks, means war between England and the former power. It is a little singular that we came out to India first, in time to pass through the terrible "mutiny." Then we heard of the battle of "Bull Run" from the pilot, as we sailed into New York harbor on our return. And now we have not been in the country a month before war again confronts us. We trust in "the living God."

We have quite a sprinkling of red coats in the barracks now. Perhaps 60 to 75 present at St. Paul's, Landour, at this morning's service which we attended. This little church is "high" in more senses than one. Such attitude of Romish imitations I have not before seen. Intonations, bowing, turning to the East, general arrangement of the altar, singing, prayers and all the rest, carried me back to Notre Dame and St. Peters on a very small scale. But priest and people seemed good and earnest, and we worshipped very nicely, without getting a bit critical. As 5 p. m., Will and I went down the hill and across to Mussoorie to the "Union Church" where we heard a good sermon on the practical aspects of the LORD'S second coming, from an earnest preacher, named Gleyson. There are plenty of churches here and the usual sectarian dimensions. Mr. G. preached to a mere handful, though one would think the magic word "Union" should have drawn a good congregation together in such a well peopled sanitarium. We have received no invitations yet to hold services.

Our luggage carries still somewhere on the congested railways. When we shall see it again we know not, and where it is we have not the least idea. Marie dreamed last night that she got her little organ, with the keys all melted and run together in one conglomerated mass. We had been talking of the poor little thing as peacefully lying in some roasting warehouse, warping, cracking and going to rack generally, in the fierce heat of the plains, which was very stupid in us all utterly "not of faith." It is no wonder a disastrous dream grew out of it. Happily we do not lack what we really need, and could "get along" even if we never saw our trunks again. We are not worried in the least. Yesterday we had a grand mail from England, which we enjoyed as only exiles can. Our dear American folks have not found out our address yet, but it will not be long before the "faithful" in that latitude will resume the broken correspondence.

Yesterday and to-day the delicious warmth of summer has been stealing up the hill and we welcome it with open arms. For, indeed, we have been in a half shiver ever since we came, and in turn, half ill, on that account. Nothing that a drop of oil and a word of prayer could not reach, but enough to work a decided discomfort at times. But the heat of summer, so unwelcome in the lower plain region, is a precious health-bringer here. We have fairly basked for two days and feel in every fibre the delightful restorative power of the sun's rays. Below, they are simply roasting. Indeed a week of it in transit, flying through by rail weeks ago, nearly did us brown before we knew it.

The lovely oaks and rhododendrons are putting on their spring "garments of glory and beauty," like the high priests of the hills, as they are, and with the gnarled limbs dripping with brown and golden moss on every bough. One rhododendron at the turn of the road near Lal Tibs, our tallest peak and nearest neighbor, is a sight, the like of which one might live a hundred years and go ten thousand miles, without ever seeing again. Fancy a tree nearly 3 feet diameter in the trunk, the low, bushy top, like one of the symmetrical sugar trees of moderate size, a Kentuckian see in his home woods pastures any time; this top, one blazing mass of flowers, so thickly studied as almost to conceal the foliage, and each one of these flowers in shape and color at a little distance the exact counterpart of a Jacquemont rose full bloom and of the largest size. Can you imagine it, dear lovers of flowers at home? Yes you can imagine as you will and I describe as I will, yet the reality beggars both fancy and descriptive power. The whole flowering capacity of this tree has burst forth at once, a thing rarely occurring in a rhododendron, which usually sends out its successive battalions of bloom and keeps up its floral effects a long while. But fancy a rhododendron as big as a sugar tree, 2 1/2 to 3 feet in the trunk and limbed like an oak. This is quite common on these glorious hills.

We never weary of looking down the steep ravines or up at the great Snow mountain. Looked at from above, the leaning tree tops look as if they were charging up the steep hill sides at the "double quick." The "Royal Irish" we call them, particular one favorite forest that has thrown out skirmishers on either side, some of which are scaling the very top in scattered detachments, while the main body is following on in compact phalanx of solid green, steadily, swiftly and irresistibly. We look and look at them till fancy almost sees them move.

The Snowy range is ever grand. When we first came, beautiful as they were, our mountains, about which we had boasted all we saw, were a little disappointing to ma-

ma and myself, though we held our peace. For we had just seen them in early fall, draped in unspotted white, and now they were seamed with dark ravines and specked with black rocks, and piebald generally. The children were in raptures with what was left of them, but we were like the Israelites who had seen the glory of the first temple and could not go into raptures over the second, grand as it was, because they could not forget the grander one. However in a few days there came a storm of rain to us and snow to them, and the next morning there they were—our Himalayas of 1856—seen for the first time when Marie was a little baby, and never forgotten for a moment through all the following years. There they stood in peerless and unspotted glory. Not a speck! All white! O they were beyond pen or pencil to portray! And then we said to the children as we all gazed enraptured with broken exclamations of delight. "That is what we tried to tell you about by the way." Mount Blanc even or the Yungfrau, the two grandest of the Alpine summits, do not excel in grandeur these ranges, emphasized by the twin peaks Brundarmuk and Bunderpuch, standing like grim sentinels, to guard the everlasting ice and snow.

The children are progressing splendidly in the language and mise comes back to me in the most wonderful way—quite the "exceeding abundantly above what I asked or thought"—the dear LORD'S answer to my trusting prayer. Praise His dear name forever. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Elder L. H. Reynolds is still preaching to large and attractive congregations.

—Petty thieves are annoying our citizens by invading their cellars and pantries and abstracting articles of food.

—Burglars broke into J. H. Gentry's grocery Friday night, but after much hard work in making the break only got between three and four dollars.

—Rev. J. I. Rogers, of the Christian church, a part of whose mission lies in Wayne county, went to that county Saturday to be absent two or three weeks.

—A number of young people of Danville, attended a very pleasant party given Friday night by Miss Mamie Dunn whose home is in Garrard county near Bryansville.

—Hon. J. S. Van Winkle has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the Board of Commissioners of the D. & D. Institute occasioned by the resignation of Hon. M. J. Durham.

—Father A. J. Brady, of the Catholic church, was absent from Monday until Friday in that part of his mission which lies in Southern Kentucky including Tateville and Flat Rock.

—The operation of ovariectomy was performed on Mrs. Holtzclaw, of Mercer county, by one of our younger physicians four or five days ago. Up to the present time the patient is doing well.

—Gilcher Bros., have beautified their hotel dining room by very handsome ceiling paper and by the most elegant Glenham Mills velvet carpet ever yet brought to Danville. Welch & Wiseman furnished both carpet and paper.

—Quarterly meeting began at the Methodist Church South Saturday. Rev. Mr. Fitch, presiding elder, was present and preached the opening sermon. Rev. E. H. Pierce, the pastor, returned Friday from Lancaster, where he has been attending conference.

—Mr. J. S. Linney to-day forwarded his resignation to Washington City to take effect without delay. The democratic applicants are Messrs. Jas. A. Fisher, Wm. M. Fields, Jr., Herbert McGoodwin, J. M. Meyer, Jos. R. Marks, Mrs. Mary J. Bowman, and Thos. H. Bell.

—Friends of Mr. J. L. Spears, of this county are congratulating him over the splendid race made by his bay colt O'Fallon at Louisville last Thursday. O'Fallon is by Harvey O'Fallon, dam Grace Darling. He took the second money in the dash of five furlongs for maiden two-year-olds. There were twelve entries.

—Danville friends have received invitations to the marriage of Miss Lizzie R. Payne and Mr. Henry A. Sommers, both of Elizabethtown. The marriage is to take place on Tuesday, June 2, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Payne. Miss Lizzie has frequently visited Danville, where she has many friends and admirers.

—A complicated chancery case in which the Police Court of Danville is plaintiff and Col. Thos. M. Gibbons defendant was called in the police court Monday morning and for cause shown continued until Wednesday. Col. Gibbons is charged with making noises, singing songs, etc., within the limits of the town of Danville without having obtained license to do so. The Colonel says he is innocent.

—Mr. Hawthorne Hill, of the Louisville Commercial, was here Friday to hear Judge A. P. Humphrey's address before the Boyle County Historical Society, and report the same for his paper. Of the address too much can be said in the way of praise. Messrs. S. G. Boyle & Co., will issue it in pamphlet form and then all can have an opportunity to read this valuable contribution to the early political history of the State.

—Miss Lonnie Guest has returned from a visit to Mobile, Ala. Mrs. Frank Gilcher and Miss Maggie King are in New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. S. B. White, (nee Miss Maggie Rowland) are here visiting relatives. Miss Orie Smedley, art teacher at Caldwell College, is absent in New Orleans. Miss Allie Bascom, of Mayaville, is visiting her half sister, Mrs. W. S. Downton. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Dobyns have returned from Jessamine county, where they have been since last February. Mr. Marsh Heady, the blind poet of Spencer county, will be the guest of Mr. G. T. Schoolfield at the D. and D. Institute this week. The family of Mr. J. S. Linney have returned from Lexington and will live at Linnetta Springs until they go to their new home in Missouri. Messrs. A. and E. B. Linney will have charge of the springs the coming season.

## BUGGIES, BUGGIES, BUGGIES!

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE,

—CONSISTING OF—

Carriages, Barouches, Phaetons, Buggies, Surreys, Jaguar Wagons, Buck Boards, Road Carts, &c.

These Goods are all Strictly First-Class, from the Best Manufactories,

—AND—

Are Sold on Their Merits,

WITH A GUARANTEE.

We Buy for CASH and Propose to Give our Customers the Benefit of our Discounts.

Will Guarantee to Save you from 10 to 25 Per Cent. on every Vehicle Give us a Call.

## BRIGHT & CURRAN.

H. C. RUPLEY!

—I have received and still receiving—

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING & SUMMER

Comprising the best in the market, which will be

Gotten Up in Style and Make Second to None in City or Country.

Give Me a Trial.

H. C. RUPLEY.

THE NEW GROCERY AND HARDWARE HOUSE OF  
**TAYLOR BROS.**  
HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would I say ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large fresh and well selected stock of CHOICE

## FAMILY GROCERIES

In endless variety, dainty in quality and satisfactory in price; this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

OUR HARDWARE AND POCKET CUTLERY

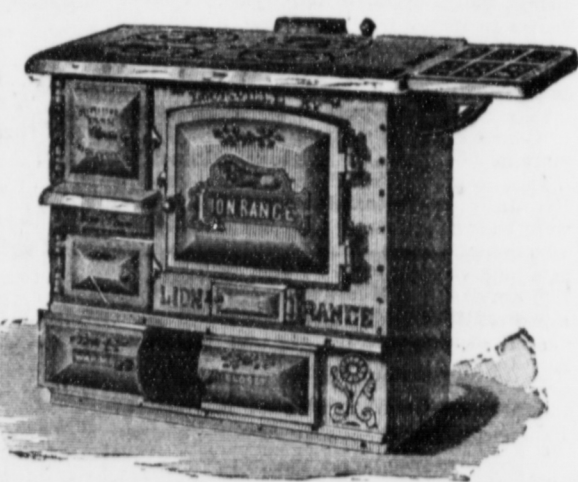
Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete, Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, unrivalled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Confections are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobaccos. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods and your patronage.

Respectfully,  
TAYLOR BROTHERS.

## THE LION WROUGHT IRON RANGE,

For Coal or Wood.

This Range is Extra Heavy and is made of the very best Juniata Cast Iron. Has cast top and front, with Entire Wrought Iron Body and Oven. Warming Oven extends under entire length of Range. Automatic Oven Shelf. Sectional Fire Linings and Cut Centers. Nickel name plate, knobs and hinge pins. Adjustable side shelf and all modern improvements. Can be arranged with Heater for hot and cold water.



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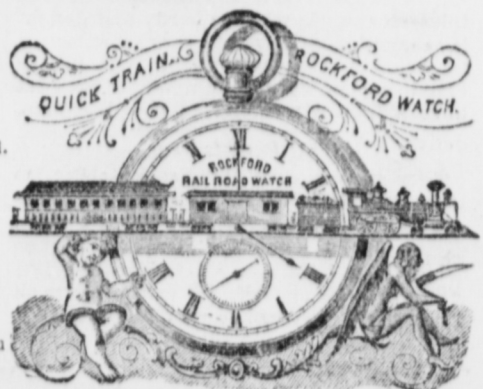
Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

—Also—

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and Warranted.









## IT IS THE SEASON.

(R. L. Stevenson in Magazine of Art.)  
It is the season now to go  
About the country high and low,  
Among the lilacs hand in hand,  
And two by two in fairyland.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,  
Wholly faint and half afraid,  
Do meet along the hazel brook,  
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and, blithely paired,  
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared,  
They kissed and quarreled, laughed and cried,  
A year ago at Easter tide.

Her, whom with rude, uplifted hand  
He did threaten to command—  
Her, in a somewhat longer dress,  
He now would tremble to caress.

Now by the stile abash the steps,  
And his demure eyes he drops;  
Now they exchange averted glances,  
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is,  
And sweeter she than princess;  
Their common silence dearer far  
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now, when they sever wedded hands,  
Joy trembles in their bosoms-strands,  
And lovely laughter and soft falls  
Upon their lips in madrigals.

## THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

A Life of Sunshine and Shadow—Makes  
Others Famous—Dies Unknown.

(Arkansas Traveler.)  
Among the workers who with brain or  
muscle tell their way through this weary  
world, the newspaper reporter seems to occupy  
an anomalous position. The whole  
course of his life alternating between the  
deepest shadows and the widest merri-  
ment show that he is at once the most  
courageous and neglected, the most  
sought-for and hunted, hated, feared,  
underrated and overestimated factor in  
modern society. At the regulation social  
gathering, "The Press" is toasted amid applause  
and the response always alludes to "the  
great power" and the "moral lever," but the  
world knows nothing of the trials attending  
the life of the average reporter. The plaudits  
of the public are sometimes wafted into the  
editorial sanctum, but the poor reporter un-  
noticed, has to see the credit which should  
belong to him given to another.

The nature of the reporter's business en-  
ables him to estimate human nature, as he  
sees his fellowman under all circumstances.  
In all the scenes which go to make up the  
drama of life, the reporter is on hand, quick,  
apt, and ready to take a mental photograph  
which will include the most minute details.  
As circumstances require he must be able  
to spread a trivial occurrence over a  
column of space without repetition, or  
describe the most thrilling scene in a  
paragraph. He must be ready at the  
call of duty to fraternize with the bar-room  
rough, and be competent to discuss theology  
with a doctor of divinity. Tonight he is  
wading among the slums of a great city  
viewing vice in its most hideous form, to-  
morrow he may be sitting in the parlor of  
the merchant prince, with whom, for the  
time being, he is on terms of equality. He  
shakes hands with the condemned murderer,  
and turns to bob-nob with the judge who  
pronounced the sentence.

He is ever among us, yet seldom recog-  
nized, and whether the occasion be a dog  
fight or a political revolution, he takes in  
the situation at a glance, and makes the  
most of it. Like the poet he is born, not  
made, for all the colleges in the country  
could not turn out a reporter, as nothing  
short of actual experience will fit him for  
his business. He makes fortunes for others  
and lives in poverty himself. He makes  
others famous and dies unknown.

## Reminiscences of Thad. Stevens.

(Lancaster Pa. Cor. Philadelphia Times.)  
Passing down from the newspaper office I  
saw the plain, old-fashioned house of Thad.  
Stevens. It is a barber shop now, and with  
all its charming associations it is given over  
to a relic of the olden time. Just below it,  
on the opposite side of the street, the tin  
sign of Dr. Carpenter recalled to me a story  
he once told me of the great commoner. He  
was his physician for a long number of years,  
and he said that he never saw a man who  
was so much of a doctor as Thad. Stevens.  
Two men differed as widely in their habits  
and inclinations as in politics. Mr. Stevens,  
said he, would do exactly as he was told in  
relation to his medicines, etc., while Mr.  
Buchanan was often irritable about the  
manner of treatment. While Mr. Stevens was  
in Washington he always sent for me when  
he got very sick, and he said that he  
confided in me. I have never met him  
"Doctor, you understand me thoroughly."  
These strangers do not. And had I been  
with him, continued the old healer, I do not  
believe he would have died when he did.

He went to Washington reluctantly the  
last time and I feared then he would never  
come back alive. He was a remarkable  
man, kind-hearted and generous to a fault.  
I never could get him to take any liquor,  
and I believe if he had it would have pro-  
longed his life. But a sad incident in his  
life made him a teetotaler. He was out for  
a frolic with some friends and one of the  
number, who was very close to him, drank  
too much and it was his head and not  
his body that died. At that moment Stevens  
saw suddenly. At that moment Stevens  
made the solemn promise to himself that  
he would never drink again and he never did.

## Cuba's Best Tobacco.

(Cor. Indianapolis Journal.)  
Having tobacco can be harvested but  
once a year. Attempts have been made to  
obtain two crops annually, but these have  
been unsuccessful. The best tobacco is  
known under the name of tobacco de la  
vuelta de abajo. It grows in the regions of  
the small rivers in the Sierra de los Olanos.  
Each year this part of the island is over-  
flowed, and a heavy, rich quality of alluvium  
is deposited on the soil. Irrigation has  
proved a failure in Cuba. In the growing  
season a heavy dew falls each night, but the  
soil, which is a red loam, becomes dry  
quickly, and absorbs a great deal of mois-  
ture. Only one good crop can be assured in  
each five years.

## The Third Wife's Bliss.

(Chicago Times.)  
A rather novel conception of heavenly  
bliss has just been promulgated by a devout  
wife, who had been her husband's third  
wife. The future she looked for was to be  
permitted to sit at the feet of her beloved  
husband, his other better-halves sitting one  
on his right hand the other on his left, and  
all singing psalms of praise.

## Beauties in White.

(Dublin Letter.)  
Eight hundred ladies were presented to  
the princess of Wales at her "drawing room"  
in Dublin. Fancy the ghastly effect of 800  
white frocks collected together and unre-  
laxed by a single touch of color. It was a  
trying hour for the mature beauties.

## The Odd Circumstance.

(Arkansas Traveler.)  
Its de odd circumstance that catches the  
man on the hip. We generally know how  
terrible de de circumstances what ain't odd,  
ense we know de tricks. I never wants ter  
box wiber lef' handed man nor rasso wib  
or bow-legged pussen.

BRITISH TROOPS SURPRISED BY THE  
MAHDI'S ARABS.

Desperate Onset of the Enemy—Superb  
Courage of the White Troops—  
Hand to Hand Fighting—  
Personal Encounters.

(Cor. London Chronicle.)  
It is impossible to disguise the fact that  
we were most completely surprised, and that  
only the superb courage of our troops saved  
us from an overwhelming disaster. Not a  
man of us had any idea that thousands of  
rebels were quietly stretched amongst the  
scrub and behind boulders and hillocks,  
quietly watching us as we innocently and  
joyfully worked at our zarbas. A few  
pickets were out, and a squad of cavalry of-  
ficers as well—I believe eighteen all told—  
so we were content.

Suddenly there was a great cry of alarm,  
rings above the din of the fighting, and  
parties and the accompanying bustle of a great  
camp, and then hoarse cries from the of-  
ficers, "Stand to your arms, men!" Never  
was word of command more promptly ob-  
eyed.

But the men were scattered—many of  
them a considerable distance from their  
arms. The brave fellows did their best,  
however, to get into their allotted positions.  
As the squares formed, the eighteen cav-  
alry scouts came rushing in—crashing  
through our own lines—and then we saw  
and heard the leaping, roaring, fantastic,  
yet terrible-looking, wave of black forms,  
which we knew was the enemy in strong—  
overwhelming force. The rebels came with  
terrible stampede of laggards—horses,  
camels, mules, in one struggling, screeching,  
helpless, confused mass. The uproar was  
terrible, and must have been demoralizing  
to any but the most highly-trained troops.

I was just on the edge of the marine  
square, and was caught in the storm, my  
horse being swept bodily to the ground, pin-  
ning me to the earth. As I lay with my  
prostrate animals above and around, strug-  
gling frantically to rise, I received a nasty  
kick on the head, which, however, caused  
me only temporary inconvenience. Regain-  
ing my feet, I found myself inside the ma-  
rine square. Panic even in those few mo-  
ments seemed to have disappeared, and the  
brave fellows were firing steadily and well.  
I should think some fifty or sixty rebels  
got inside the square in the first terrific rush,  
but no one lived to recount his exploit, every  
one being either shot or bayoneted. Out-  
side, away from the squares, a number of  
men on fatigue duties, such as cutting brush  
for zarbas makers, were cut off from the  
main body. Undaunted and resourceful,  
they quickly improvised a square hard by  
the field kitchens. Their promptness saved  
their lives.

Meanwhile fearful havoc was being  
wrought amongst the animals. Scarcely  
any transport camel or mule outside the  
squares escaped. Scores and scores of them  
were hurled over the enemy, and many  
more were killed by the fire from our own  
squares.

The Berkshire square all this time had  
its hands full. Double as many rebels man-  
aged to get inside as was the case at the marine  
square, and there was some desperate hand  
to hand fighting, but the result was the  
same. The Berkshire square was the first  
over we found 123 corpses on the ground in-  
closed by the flimsy brushwood parapets.  
The Berkshire men deserve, and have reason  
to be proud of, the praise unstintingly lav-  
ished upon them for their splendid courage  
and steadiness. They fought under the eye  
of Gen. McNeill, who himself had the nar-  
rowest escape from death.

When the alarm was first raised he was on  
horseback just inside the zarba. As soon  
as he saw the enemy he gave the necessary  
orders, and then attempted to jump the  
brushwood barrier—an easy enough feat,  
but his horse shied and bucked from the za-  
rba. It was a critical moment, for the  
rebels were rushing down at full speed and  
were close upon him. Fortunately, the gen-  
eral's aide-de-camp, Lieut. Charteris, saw  
the peril of his chief, and gallantly rushed  
to his rescue. And not a moment too soon,  
for the rebels were at close quarters. One  
Arab had his gun pointed straight at the  
general; but Charteris turned the shot, and  
then, quickly turning, cut down another as-  
sailant with his sabre.

As Charteris was thus engaged he was at-  
tacked with the greatest fury by a lithe  
young Arab—a mere boy, in fact, not more  
than 10 years old. The youngster fought like  
a tiger, and succeeded in spearing Charteris  
through the arm before he himself was shot.  
He was a gallant little fellow; he fought  
with all the courage of a man, and suffered  
a man's fate. I fancy Lieut. Charteris will  
have more of that little incident, for he  
saved his general's life.

About the middle of the fight there was  
some further trouble with the Royal Poor-  
beats outside the first square. They were  
ordered to retire, but the order seems to  
have been misunderstood, for Maj. Drury,  
commanding the left battalion, led his  
men, and they gallantly kept the enemy at  
bay. The order to retire was repeated, and  
this time was only too literally obeyed, for  
the Poorbeats not merely retired, but  
rushed headlong into the square.

Maj. Drury, who vainly strove to stay the  
mad rush, was left somewhat in the rear,  
and seeing one of his men drop disabled,  
stopped and attempted to save him, al-  
though the enemy were close upon them. In  
another moment, indeed, they were hacking  
and thrusting at the heroic officer with their  
pears and swords. Greater heroism was  
never shown on field of battle. For several  
minutes Drury fought with at least twenty  
rebels, and with his single sword kept them  
from their prey, nor did he abandon his ef-  
forts to save his comrade until a spear  
wound in the neck and the danger of being  
hopelessly surrounded compelled him re-  
luctantly to retire.

## Degenerate Nons of Statesmen.

(Washington Cor. Philadelphia Times.)  
But what a pitiful lot are their wretched  
little duds of sons, with their spindly legs,  
dwarfed frames, sunken chests and colorless  
faces—ambitious, dissipated, without even  
a manly vice. There are some marked ex-  
ceptions, but the average society young man,  
as seen in the White House, is any-  
thing but an object of admiration. It is a  
common sight to see a handsome, stately  
girl with one of the little objects trotting  
across the room at her side, scarcely reach-  
ing her shoulders. That women don't ad-  
mire the puny things is proved by the rarity  
of marriage in Washington society, except  
in army and navy circles, where the young  
men are more manly in form and character.

## A Parrot in Command.

(New York Telegram.)  
Among the curiosities that Paul Boyton  
has on exhibition is a talking parrot, which  
can give any order that is issued on ship-  
board. The other evening when the wind  
was blowing a pretty stiff breeze, Jim (the  
parrot) began to muster all hands on deck to  
take in the light canvas and reef topsails,  
using a great many nautical phrases, in-  
cluding a given in any encyclopedia, much to  
the amusement of the guests present.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS MADE MISERABLE BY THAT  
TERRIBLE COUGH. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for  
you. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

## A Reply to Messrs. Newland and White.

(To the Editor of The Interior Journal.)

In mentioning some of the impositions  
the people have suffered from the managers  
of the Stanford & Prescherville Turnpike,  
I had a perfect right as a taxpayer and  
toll payer to do so. The road was largely  
made of county money which was ap-  
propriated to benefit the people at large  
and not for the special benefit of two or  
three, as is indicated by the way it is man-  
aged. My "criticisms" were written for  
the purpose of relieving the public of ex-  
ceedingly unjust toll, which has already  
been accomplished, and for which I every  
day receive expressions of thanks, and only  
an acquaintance with the deceptions fre-  
quently practiced by the officers prevents  
surprise at their denial in the face of facts  
known to the magistrates and stock-hold-  
ers. Men who would sign their names to  
the reply they made need only the publi-  
cation of the following certificates to secure  
their proper appreciation. Read what they  
say, then the statements following:

"We deny his assertion that any sub-  
scriptions were procured for the bridge on  
the promise that it was to be a free bridge."  
Esquire M. C. Portman says: "I was one  
of the Lincoln County Court at the time  
an appropriation of \$2,000 was made for  
the construction of the bridge on Stanford  
& Prescherville Turnpike, and it was dis-  
tinctly understood that the board of said  
road were pledged that the bridge should  
be a free bridge. I opposed the appropri-  
ation—citing the trouble that had arisen  
from similar appropriation to the bridge on  
Lancaster pike—until it was pledged by the  
representatives asking the appropriation  
that the bridge should be a free bridge."

Now hear Mr. Miller:  
When application was made by the  
Stanford & Prescherville Turnpike Road  
Co. to the Lincoln County Court for an ap-  
propriation to build a bridge across Dix  
River, I was present in Court and was one  
of the representatives of the Co. in making  
the appropriation, and as an inducement  
thereto it was distinctly stated and pledged  
for the Company with the assent and ap-  
probation of such of the directors and  
stock-holders as were present that no toll  
should be charged upon the bridge.

W. H. MILLER.

Then comes Mr. Grimes:  
When I subscribed \$150 toward the con-  
struction of the bridge, it was after the act  
was passed authorizing the bridge toll,  
though I knew nothing at that time of the  
existence of such an act, nor did the pub-  
lic, and I was induced to subscribe the  
said amount by the pledge of J. J. New-  
land and W. P. White that the bridge  
should be a free bridge. I knew then of  
the \$700 debt incurred and it was repre-  
sented to me by them that the toll on the  
road was to pay off the same without rais-  
ing a toll on the bridge. And I do know  
that the double rate of toll (40 cents for  
round trip) was collected as stated by the  
Prescherville correspondent, and was after-  
ward reduced on account of the general im-  
migration.

W. P. GRIMES.  
Here comes another from a gentleman  
who asks his name withheld until the  
statement is denied: "John Anderson  
one of the directors, told me we had to re-  
duce the toll for a while on account of the  
feeling the Prescherville letter created,  
but will put it up again, if we have to  
build another gear on our side of the river."

Hear the directors again:  
"We therefore raised the tolls as we had  
the right to do and as it was our duty to  
do, to what we considered barely enough  
to pay the interest on the debt and keep the  
road in repair. This rate is only half what  
your correspondent states it." At the  
time of your reply it was "only half" and  
you lacked the candor to state that you  
had reduced it since my letter, and pre-  
ferred to prevaricate in order to make it  
appear that you were "traded." If it  
was your "duty" why did you reduce it?  
"Misrepresentation" should not cause men  
of high character to swerve from the path  
of "right" and "duty" and deal in low, un-  
just personalities.

Now hear what Mr. Elmore says:  
Mr. J. J. Newland asked me to donate  
money to spread dirt on Prescherville  
pike while notices were up to close the Ce-  
dar Creek road leading to it, which if closed  
would have barred my access to the  
pike, and said that the notices had been  
posted without authority or knowledge on  
his part. I heard him repeat the same  
publicly on Saturday last at Walnut Flat.

J. M. ELMORE.

And again:  
I traveled over the Stanford & Prescherville  
pike on last Friday, 15th inst., and found  
much of it as rough as to fully justify  
the complaint made by the Prescherville  
correspondent. I also own two shares  
in said road and knew nothing of an act  
authorizing the increase of toll being de-  
vised by the president until after it was  
passed.

M. D. ELMORE.  
Mr. Jas W. Alcorn said in a recent  
conversation: "I was horrified at the state  
of the road—the attempt to close that road  
produced among the neighbors out there  
and advised the board to withdraw ap-  
plication to close it, which they did. I was  
fully authorized by some of the board as  
from a meeting of the board to write the  
notice." Yes they withdrew it after  
Judge Varren had justly "eat down"  
firmly upon it, and not till then. Ye gods!  
Comment is unnecessary. Do you now say  
I was guilty of traducing and misrep-  
resenting my neighbors or of representing  
them and speaking truly in their behalf?  
Allow me to quote from you again: "Hav-  
ing incurred this debt somebody might say  
that it was the part of honesty to make no  
provision for its payment. Some persons  
who contract debts act in that way. But  
we consider it the part of honesty to try  
and pay it."

Glad tidings these, to the poor negroes  
who were denied their pay—and have nev-  
er yet been paid—for work they did under  
Sullivan, your sub-contractor, or generally  
believed "Bosa" for you, as an inquiry  
through this paper, while the road was un-  
der construction, elicited the reply that  
the directors were the contractors. Possi-  
bly these negroes to whom are due sums  
ranging from five to forty dollars, amount-  
ing to over four hundred dollars in total,  
will have faith enough in the above state-  
ment to enjoy an imaginary picnic. It  
would have been humane when you dis-  
missed Sullivan and took the work they  
had done to have paid them. But you  
were not security for it as you are for the  
\$700 which appeals so strenuously to your  
conscience as to I am informed, cause you  
to threaten that if a new board is elected you  
will hold the road over them and collect the  
tolls any how. At your service,  
L. M. LARLEY.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly  
cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For  
sale by Penny & McAllister.

ITCH cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary  
Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Penny  
& McAllister, Druggists, Stanford; also by M. C.  
& D. N. Williams, Mt. Vernon.

CATARH CURED, health and sweet breath  
secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50c.  
For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Positive Cure for Piles.  
To the people of this country we would say  
that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchal's  
Italian Pile Ointment—uniquely guaranteed  
to cure or money refunded—Internal, External,  
Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents  
a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAllister,  
Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.  
We enthusiastically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Cat-  
tholicon, a female remedy, to cure Female Disor-  
ders, such as Ovarian troubles, Indisposition and  
Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing  
down feeling, Irrregularities, Barrenness, Change  
of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses  
springing from the above, like Headache, Bloat-  
ing, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous de-  
bility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by  
druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to  
Dr. Marchal, Ulis, N. Y., for pamphlet, free.  
For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

That Dirty Dandruff.  
Dandruff is dirty and disagreeable in every way.  
It soils the clothing continually and is accom-  
panied by a hardly less annoying sensation of it-  
ching. The scalp is diseased. There is nothing in  
the world so thoroughly adapted to this trouble  
as Parker's Hair Balm. It cleanses and heals  
the scalp, stops the falling hair and restores its  
original softness, gloss and color. It is not only  
highly perfumed, an elegant dressing. Very eco-  
nomical, as only a small occasional application  
keeps the hair in perfect condition.

HALE'S WELL,  
OPENS JUNE 1st.

This health-giving Summer Resort will be under  
management this season, and as it is entirely  
renewed and refurnished, it can promise its patrons  
comfort as well as health. Board, \$7 per week;  
per month, \$25. Use of bathing suits, \$5 per  
week. Will have a conveyance at the depot to  
meet passengers.  
A. L. SPOONHORE.

"St. Mary's Saw Mills"  
AND LUMBER YARD.  
On top of the Knob, close by J. Carter's Grocery  
Store.

FOOTE & WHEELER, Proprietors.  
For all kinds of general Lumber, Shingles, &c.,  
builders and others can find a better market  
here. Our motto is "Good Material  
for Reasonable Rates." Postoffice address, Halls  
Gap, Ky.

COMMENCEMENT  
—EXERCISES—  
Stanford Female College.

Commencement Sermon, Sunday,  
May 31st,  
—At 11 A. M. at Opera House—  
BY REV. I. S. McELROY.

Annual Concert, Monday Night, June  
1st, 8 P. M.

Regular Commencement Exercises,  
Tuesday, June 2d, 8 P. M.

SALLIE C. TRUEHEART, Principal.

NOBBY!

The sire of trotters and roadsters and more fancy  
and first-class Eastern horses than any other sta-  
tion in Kentucky, will make the season of 1885  
four miles west of Stanford, directly on the Knob  
lick pike, and will be permitted to serve mares at  
the extremely low price of

\$20 the season or \$30 to insure.

Grass furnished at \$2 per month. Due care will  
be taken to prevent accidents or escapes, but will  
not be responsible should any occur.  
Description and pedigree—Nobby is a jet black  
with star in forehead and two white feet, 16 hands  
high, fine bone and tail, good, bony legs,  
beautiful head and neck, excellent shoulder, back  
and loin—in fact, faultless in symmetry; and will  
guarantee, there doesn't exist a horse of his color,  
of a better disposition, and these qualities he invari-  
ably imparts to his progeny. As an evidence that  
he will produce very fast horses when crossed on  
good mares is the fact that some of his very speed-  
iest colts have nothing but a sire Wallace dam to  
recommend them. This of itself is conclusive  
proof that the speed comes from the sire. Nobby  
is the sire of Nobby, Jr., record 2:23 $\frac{1}{2}$ , sold to W. C.  
Farr, of Ohio, for \$5,000. One of his colts trot-  
ted last season with very little handling in 2:35.  
Nobby was sired by Garrard Chief (the sire of Basil  
Duke, 2:24 $\frac{1}{2}$ ); Mauburne Hippo 2:24 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Crook  
2:35 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Bill Art 2:34; Garrard Chief by Mauburne  
Chief, sire of Lady Turner, 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Woodford Man-  
trillion 2:21 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and several others in the 2:30 list; 1st  
dam by Frank; 2d dam by Ararat; 3d dam by Ham-  
bletonian; 4th dam by Diomedes; Nobby's dam a  
thoroughbred mare, said to be by Imp. Tranny.  
Parting with mares shall forfeit the insurance in  
all cases.  
C. L. CROW.

I will also stand a FINE YOUNG JACK that  
will be permitted to serve a few good mares at \$10  
to insure. This Jack will be 3 years old the 7th of  
September, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$  hands high. He was sired  
by the Jack that was sold by W. L. Caldwell, for  
\$1,100 and was taken to California. He is a half  
brother of the 1,100 pound Jack owned by Mr. Fey-  
son Embree.  
(9-17)  
C. L. C.

## —WE WILL STAND OUR—

## FINE JACK!

At our premises 1 mile from Turnersville at \$8  
to insure a living colt.  
B. G. & J. F. COVER.

## CHAMPO!

The fine imported Norman stallion, will make the  
season of 1885 at the stable of J. M. Wray, at "Pink  
Cottage," 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Stanford.

## AT \$15 THE SEASON.

Champo is a dark gray, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$  hands high, weighs  
1,600 pounds and is 3 years old the 25th of May  
next. He is of fine style and action, good in the  
loins, well ribbed and large body, with well-shap-  
ed shoulders, head and neck well set on. He was  
imported by G. W. Stubbinsfield & Co., of Bloom-  
ington, Ill., September 14, 1882.

## BOSTON!

At \$10 for a living colt. Boston is a beautiful  
black, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  hands high, was foaled November  
10, 1879, and he by Wray's Jack. He was  
bred by Jim Porter, first dam Shoo Fly, by a Mam-  
moth and Warrior Jack.

Future furnished at reasonable rates, but will  
not be responsible for accidents should any occur.  
-3m  
WRAY & WAKEFIELD.

## GILT EDGE!

This fine young saddle stallion I have concluded  
to let have a limited number of mares at the low  
price of

## TEN DOLLARS!

Which money I will expend on his education after  
the season is over by placing him in the hands of  
some good saddle horse man, only to steady him  
in his gait, for he has then naturally, I expect  
to exhibit him at the Fair, at Edge's 3 years  
this Spring, dark bay or brown, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  hands  
high and a perfect model in form. He was sired  
by one of the noted old Denmark family, Levi  
Hubbels On Time; 1st dam by one of the grandest  
horses ever known in any country, Cable's Old  
Lexington, a horse that has taken more premiums  
than any other horse in the country. His dam  
should not let the strains of these two families  
down. His 2d dam was by Faulkner's Young  
America. Uncle Peter Gentry says he was the best  
broader that ever stood in Boyle county. Third  
dam by Taylor's Messenger.

## STEVE WALKER!

This fine young Jack will also make the season  
of 1885 at my stable, one mile from Stanford on  
the Hustonville pike, at

## \$8 to insure a living colt.

Steve Walker is a brown, with white points, 15  
hands high, 4 years old and said by good Jack  
men to be one of the finest-boned Jacks in Ken-  
tucky. Has actions like a horse, quick and sure.  
If patronized we will promise not to detain  
you long on the Jack's account.  
J. E. & J. R. FARRIS.

## Abdallah Glenco!

Will make the season of 1885 at my stable, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$   
miles south of Hustonville, on the Hustonville &  
Liberty road. Abdallah Glenco is by Joe Elmo,  
No. 3453, trial 2:27, record 2:45. Joe Elmo is the  
sire of D. C. S., record 2:23 $\frac{1}{2}$ . (D. C. S. sold for  
\$5,000 the past season.) Review record 2:25 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Ly-  
curus, record 2:35 and Mark Wakefield, paper,  
trial in 2:20. Joe Elmo is by St. Elmo, 2:25, by  
Alexander's Abdallah, 15, by by Rysdyk's  
Blossom, No. 19. Joe Elmo's 1st dam by Mauburne  
Messenger; Abdallah Glenco's 1st dam Mattie S.,  
by Willie D., by Foreigner, by Imp. Glenco 2d  
dam Bettie C., by Cunningham's Copper Bottom,  
3d dam Minerva Dunbar, by Imp. Buzzard,  
4th dam Willie D., dam Starlight by Chero-  
kee, by Imp. Glenco. Abdallah Glenco's colts are  
fine and large and good movers, both saddle and  
harness. I have one of his colts that trotted 1:50  
on a 100-yard circle at the rate of 2:15. I sold  
by G. M. Glens, Hustonville, Ky., without any  
handling. I also have another that is about as  
good. Here is a combination of the best trotting  
and running genes in existence. Abdallah Glen-  
co has had a little training but trusted on Hustonville  
& Liberty pike, in 2:15, (six weeks and two  
months handling). Mr. Pop says he showed a  
2:30 gait frequently. He is also a first-class saddle  
horse and his colts almost invariably show saddle  
qualities. Persons wishing to breed will do well  
to examine my horse and colts before he is  
where. He is a beautiful brown, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  hands  
high, superior bone and muscle. Stands for the  
small sum of \$10 the season or \$15 to  
insure a living colt. I will also stand my  
Jack.

## Bob McElroy

At \$10 to insure, Bob Mc. is 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  hands  
brown with many bone and a No. 1 brooder. Got  
by Ed. Campbell, Jack, he by Rollins's Cam-  
paign, by Imp. Mammoth.

Not responsible for accidents or escapes, but  
will be responsible should any occur. Reason-  
able terms. (9-25m)  
E. S. POWELL.

## ST. MARTIN,

Sire of Emma Manley, Bob Pate, Florentine, Doubt  
&c., &c., will make the season of 1885 at my stables  
near Stanford, Ky.,

## AT TWENTY DOLLARS.

St. Martin is one of the most distinguished sons  
of Imp. Phaeton, winning good races over good  
horses at all distances, and a few of his colts on  
the turf in 1884 were all seen at the front. His  
son, Doubt, was one of the best 2-year-olds in  
the country. St. Martin is the highest type of a thorough-  
bred horse, standing over 16 $\frac{1}{2}$  hands high, splen-  
didly proportioned, kind and amiable and com-  
bining the best blood of England and America. By Imp.  
Phaeton, first dam Tokay, by Imp. Yorkshire; second  
dam Miss Martin, by Garrison's Zingone; 3d  
dam Sir Archy; 4th dam Gaitella by Sir  
Archy; fourth dam Calypso, by Belair; fifth dam  
(dam of Contention) by Imp.